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THE

Commonweal

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The Riddle of Cyprus

by Robert C. Good

THE COAL FIELDS

Peace in the Mines

by Lawrence T. King

ELIZABETH BISHOP

The Poetry of Silence

by Wallace Fowlie

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

MARTIN LUTHER IN CHICAGO

WHEN A Chicago television station cancelled a showing of the film *Martin Luther* last December it roused a furor which has not yet abated. Nor should it. For the cancellation involves issues of grave importance to our society, issues which merit more serious discussion than they have so far received. These issues turn on the freedom of the TV screen and on the pressures which any one group can legitimately exercise in a society where there exists a plurality of incompatible faiths.

Television station WGN-TV had scheduled the world TV premiere of *Martin Luther* for December 21. On December 19, the station announced that there was a decided "emotional reaction" to the plan and rather than be a party to "misunderstanding or ill will" the station had decided to cancel the showing. A Protestant Action Committee, formed to protest the cancellation, charged that the "emotional reaction" stemmed from the Catholic Church. Although no official statement was made by the chancery office of the Chicago Archdiocese, there can be little doubt that the flood of phone calls and letters objecting to the film came from Catholics. But whether the Catholics were organized or not, what is important here is that their pressure caused a television station to cancel the showing of *Martin Luther,* a film produced by the Lutheran Church Productions, Inc., and widely praised by many Protestant groups.

Some grounds for Catholic objection are clear from the judgment passed on the film by the Legion of Decency, which placed the film in a special category and stated: "This picture offers a sympathetic and approving representation of the life and times of Martin Luther, the sixteenth century figure of religious controversy. It contains theological and historical references and interpretations which are unacceptable to Catholics." This is a sane, just and—one would think—unobjectionable statement. Since the film was produced by a Lutheran group, it would be surprising if Martin Luther were not presented sympathetically and approvingly. And if Lutherans did not differ with Catholics on theological grounds and historical interpretation they would, presumably, be Catholics.

THE LEGION'S judgment is not, however, a useless statement of the obvious. It is a signpost to uninformed Catholics who might see the film that not all aspects of the picture conform to Catholic teaching. There can be no objection to this. But why did Catholics protest any showing of the film? The strongest argument would probably suggest that the film is more objectionable than the Legion had judged it to be; that TV can introduce programs into homes where passive spectators make a near-captive audience; that the TV screen exercises an inordinate attraction on otherwise sane and sensible people; that there is no easy way to extend even the warning of the Legion to those Catholics who might see *Martin Luther* on TV. And this limited set of assumptions leads to an obvious action: protect the unknowing from the film by pressuring the station into withdrawing it.

The Catholics who followed this course of action were, unfortunately, successful. No matter how good their intentions, they have damaged the fabric of our democratic society; they have damaged the Catholic Church; and they have damaged relationships between Catholic and Protestant in this country.

They have damaged the fabric of our society because they have placed in jeopardy the still undefined "freedom" of the TV screen. Television

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does not yet enjoy the guarantees that have been defined for speech, the press and, increasingly, for the screen. TV stations have shown that they are peculiarly susceptible—all too susceptible—to pressures from the audience. Those Catholics in Chicago who objected to the showing of *Martin Luther* took advantage of these weaknesses to deprive other citizens of the film. Even if the decision in this case is reversed and the film is shown on TV, every television studio will tread more warily in scheduling programs in the future. This unfortunate reaction will inevitably impinge upon all religious groups, including Catholics. The result is that the freedom of this medium has been, in effect, severely curtailed.

These Catholics have damaged the Church because they have caused others to regard it as a monolithic organization willing, even eager, to impose its will by mass pressure. That the means employed were legal does not obscure the fact that other religious minorities were made subject to the will of a Catholic minority. Those outside the Church consider it quite proper for the Catholic Church to guide its own members, but they find it naturally repugnant for Catholics to impose their will on others. The true image of the Church as a Church of faith and freedom and truth has been defaced; for many it will have been replaced by the false image of pressure and intolerance.

These Catholics have widened that breach between Catholics and Protestants which the best of recent scholarship has done so much to narrow. What will it matter to most Protestants that sympathetic accounts of Luther have been written by Karl Adam and Louis Bouyer, both eminent Catholic scholars? Instead, they will only be aware of the immediate conflict in which they feel their rights have been disregarded.

There can be little doubt that the *Martin Luther* affair was deplorable. It indicates the need of extending to the TV screen the guarantees it does not yet possess. And it raises serious questions concerning the pressure which any religious group can reasonably exercise without violating the democratic charter.

POST-ELECTION POLAND

OUTSIDE the Soviet Union itself Communist Europe continues to be in travail. Only in Poland does a formula appear to have emerged capable of including in its Marxian embrace anti-Stalinism, love of God, intense patriotism, better living standards and a certain freedom of speech. Some of these elements remain in the realm of promise rather than of fulfillment. Severe tensions within Poland itself and between Poland and Soviet Russia are yet to be resolved. Yet, if the official figures are to be believed, Mr. Gomulka and his Front of National Unity do enjoy an overwhelmingly popular mandate.

Even if all the favoring factors are taken into account, it is hard to explain the margin of his electoral victory. With Radio Free Europe urging abstention on the Polish voters and vigorous poster campaigns calling for the same gesture of opposition to the Communists, 94 per cent of the electorate took part. Moreover, the result of 98.4 per cent for Gomulka-sponsored candidates has seldom been greatly exceeded even where there was only a single list of candidates.

One of the ways that pressure was exerted was the system of voting. The ballots consisted of lists of names with the Communist and Communist-favored candidates at the top. To vote for other candidates it was necessary to retire behind an election booth curtain and cross off certain top-liners. This called for extraordinary courage with so many observers at the polls; it was so much easier to obey the Gomulka injunctions and insert an unmodified ballot directly in the voting box. Such pressure would at least partially explain the stunning verdict.

Another leading factor was the attitude of the Polish Church authorities. When Cardinal Wyszynski urged all the faithful to perform their civic duty by going to the polls (countering the counsel of Radio Free Europe and leading Polish anti-Communist elements), this was interpreted as support for the Gomulka government—an impression that was strengthened by the scheduling of Sunday Masses, that election day, in such a way that the faithful would have every opportunity to vote.

Undoubtedly behind all this is the dominant reason for the Front's electoral triumph—nationwide fear of Russian intervention. The Poles preferred fighting another day to risking now the fate of Imre Nagy's Hungary. Under the Gomulka formula there are plenty of ways of manifesting opposition. New "workers councils" are exercising authority in a number of Polish factories. Peasants are quitting the collective farms and forcing their neighbors to come with them. Criticism, particularly of Soviet Russia, is extensive in the Polish press. Students appear unaffected by years of Communist indoctrination. Poland is even recalling a number of its students from universities in the Soviet Union.

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And in order to build up Polish industry and revive the national economy, the authorities are bringing back from jail or menial positions capable executives who were once ejected by the Communists.

There are many ways in which the Poles can express themselves. The government is making an effort to improve the material well-being of the people. There is opportunity to practice one's religion. In comparison with previous years the amount of personal freedom tolerated is surprisingly extensive. Yet Gomulka is firmly in the saddle and Poland quite securely within the Russian power orbit. The present set-up came about partly by happenstance. It represents a new satellite relationship which, if carefully introduced elsewhere, would on balance tend to strengthen the Russian empire rather than to weaken it.

TEXAS REFUSES

NEW INDUSTRIAL developments and changes seem to take place so rapidly that it comes as a surprise to learn of a hitch to supplying additional oil to France and Britain. The Texas Railroad Commission will not permit any appreciable increase of crude oil output within the state. No doubt the public should have been better prepared for word that the key producers in central and western Texas hardly consider this temporary situation in the cold war as of equal importance with their own economic future.

With an emergency demand, which is due to subside as soon as the Suez Canal is reopened, these men hardly see why they should build the additional crude oil pipelines needed to bring such extra output to the coast. And when domestic oil supplies are nearly one-fifth above normal, they see little inducement to increase production. At the same time the economically favorable position of American oil producers—with their generous depletion tax allowances—cannot be left out of account. That is one area through which our government might exert some pressure. The mistake would seem to be to promise to increase exports of a commodity like oil without due attention to the hindering factors involved.

SAUD AND TITO

VISITING DIGNITARIES from abroad always get the big hello from New York, complete with screaming sirens, cheering crowds and falling tickertape. When New York's Mayor Wagner recently refused to give King Saud of Saudi Arabia the usual official greeting, he touched off a nationwide controversy that extended right up to the White House.

Mayor Wagner's position was simple enough. In Saudi Arabia, he said, slavery is legal, and the King himself is a slave-holder. Anti-Christian and anti-Jewish sentiments are strong and official, and the United States already shows too much tolerance for this state of affairs, by agreeing, for example, to exclude Jewish servicemen from our armed forces stationed in Saudi Arabia. King Saud, Mayor Wagner announced to the press, "is not the kind of person we want to officially recognize in New York City." The same thing would be true of Marshal Tito, he said, if reports that the Yugoslav leader will soon come to the United States are accurate.

In taking the position he did on Saud and Tito, Mayor Wagner was undoubtedly expressing the sentiments of very many Americans. The executive council of the AFL-CIO later took the same position. We agree, however, not with Mayor Wagner or the AFL-CIO but with President Eisenhower, who went out of his way to deplore "any discourtesy" to foreign visitors, saying that "you don't promote the cause of peace by talking just to people with whom you agree."

Official visits by representatives of foreign nations are essential to the successful exercise of diplomacy. Like diplomatic recognition, they should not be taken to imply approbation of everything the visitors or their governments stand for; indeed, in some cases Americans may come close to total disapproval, as many do on Saud and almost all do on Tito. In such cases, it is often claimed that refusal to receive these visitors is the only moral course to follow. To us, however, this line of reasoning seems moralistic rather than moral.

As we see it, what is involved in such situations, is a practical political problem. King Saud, for example, comes from a primitive, suddenly oil-rich country. His father was considered a friend of the U.S., and he himself is thought to be more pro-Western than most Arab leaders. He has, however, many bitterly anti-Western advisers, and the Crown Prince, Saud's half-brother, is thought to be among them. Leaving aside the fact that Saudi Arabia can hardly be expected to leap overnight from pre-feudalism into the twentieth century, which is better, that King Saud visit the United States and see for himself this country's power and wealth and the advantages of freedom, or that he be denied admis-

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sion? Would we prefer to see his sons educated in this country or in Russia? Do we want to influence him in our direction or give new ammunition to the anti-Western advisers who surround him?

Tito supplies an even better example than Saud. He is a Communist ruler, a dictator. The lack of freedom in Yugoslavia is through calculation, not ignorance; cruelty is not something that is taken for granted, but exists by design. He comes from a country where civil liberties are minimal, where labor is not free, where religion is persecuted and priests and bishops are imprisoned. All these policies are repugnant to Americans, and we will not cheer for him. Yet today the power of the Soviet Union is substantially less than it was a year ago, and Titoism is part of the reason. In this situation, how will the cause of the West best be served? Will justice and freedom really be advanced if popular clamor prevents U.S. officials from talking with Tito? We think not.

If President Eisenhower has reason to believe that good can be accomplished by conversations with King Saud or with Tito, or at some other time with Mao of China or with Khrushchev himself, it seems to us that he should not be kept from talking to them for fear they will be insulted while in this country. Popular enthusiasm for the men themselves cannot be expected; calm and politeness should be. When they hold conversations with such rulers, we take it for granted that the President and Mr. Dulles will press the U. S. view on such subjects as personal freedom and religious persecutions. But such pressures can be exerted only if there is conversation, and we do not think the cause of freedom is served by denying Mr. Eisenhower the chance to initiate such a discussion.

CAMPAIGN EXPENDITURES

A SENATE subcommittee has recently made public the results of its investigations into election campaign expenditures. The Senators' findings are incomplete, as they are the first to admit, and they disagree, along party lines, as to the interpretation of their findings. Nevertheless, the report is enlightening.

The Senators list more than $33,000,000 in campaign spending, and break down their figures according to campaign organization, sources of contributions and the costs of specific electioneering media—radio, TV, etc. The listings indicate that expenditures on behalf of Republican candidates were twice those on behalf of Democratic candidates, but the Republican member of the subcommittee charges that undisclosed expenditures by organized labor make campaign spending "about equal" by the two parties. A further revelation (?) in the report is the "unhealthy state of political affairs" wherein Republican candidates were financially supported largely by "big business," while the contributions of organized labor went "almost entirely" to Democrats.

But more important—and more dismaying—than any of these details is the subcommittee's statement that actual expenditures "so far exceeded" $33,000,000 that they could not even estimate the amount spent—or, obviously, the manner in which it was spent. The subcommittee members all agree that the laws designed to control campaign spending actually "fail miserably to do so."

This conclusion cannot be denied. Hidden and illegal campaign expenditures furnish a serious threat to the integrity of our elections. The answer to this threat lies, simply if not easily, in thoroughgoing, realistic legislative action.

EXIT M. POUJADE

IN FRANCE, the meteoric rise to power of Pierre Poujade has been followed by an equally meteoric fall. A year ago fifty-two Poujadists were elected to the French National Assembly on the strength of blatant nationalistic and "pie in the sky" slogans, and M. Poujade was a kind of national hero. The Poujadist bubble was burst in last week's election, when M. Poujade ran a disastrous fourth in his own attempt to win a seat in the Assembly. In the intervening year, however, the success of M. Poujade gave French political leaders a real fright.

We have known demagogues in America, too, and we have been alarmed at the susceptibility of our people to hysterical fear and meaningless slogans. The success of a demagogue is a frightening thing, and its possibility is one of the grave dangers in the democratic system. Recognition of this danger led one of our founding fathers, Alexander Hamilton, to say, "Your people is a great beast."

But American demagogues have gone the way of M. Poujade, and we see as much significance in their fall as in their rise. History shows that the people may act in passion, ignorance and selfishness, but it shows, too, that there is no safer custodian of their liberty than the people themselves. Faith in democracy does not ignore human frailty, but it affirms that there is more to human nature than frailty. The people is not a great beast.

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The Riddle of Cyprus

"BESIDES THE CYPRIOTS THEMSELVES, THERE ARE THREE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN THE STRUGGLE: BRITAIN, GREECE, AND TURKEY"

ROBERT C. GOOD

IN THE PRE-DAWN darkness on the island of Cyprus, British colonial officials hanged two young Cypriots. The date was May 10, 1956. Both Cypriots had received fair trial. Plainly, both were guilty of murder or attempted murder. But their misdeeds were of that peculiar, tragic, and in Cyprus increasingly frequent variety called "political crimes." These Cypriots were nationalists, driven to terrorism because they wanted the British to get out of their small island in the Eastern Mediterranean, and because they wanted the right to unite with Greece, which they considered their motherland.

This was the first time the British administration on Cyprus had pronounced the death penalty for political crimes. Immediately it became an international *cause célèbre*. In Athens, mobs stormed through the streets and threw rocks at the British embassy. In Washington, John Foster Dulles asked for a stay in execution, while America's ambassador to Greece, Cavendish Cannon, declared "I am doing all I can to save them." Whatever Mr. Cannon could do was not enough. The British were adamant. The wanton killing and destruction had to be stamped out, they said, before an equitable settlement with the nationalists could be reached.

Thirty-six hours after the executions took place, leaflets began appearing throughout the island. They had been printed by a Cypriot terrorist organization known by its initials as the E.O.K.A. The leaflets revealed that two British soldier-hostages had been hanged and secretly buried as reprisals. "We are compelled," said the E.O.K.A., "to use for our own freedom the same means that are used by the occupation forces for its suppression. We shall answer hanging with hanging and torture with torture." A young Cypriot seen distributing these incendiary publications was shot dead by British troops.

Cyprus has been aflame for almost two years. Since last May, six more hangings have taken place. Twenty thousand British troops patrol the seething island, the total population of which is scarcely more than five hundred thousand. As many as seventeen of the island's thirty-five high schools have been shut down to prevent demonstrations. In Cyprus today it is a punishable crime to carry a rock. But violence continues to break through the barriers of order. The toll of British soldiers killed has climbed close to fifty. There are repeated bombings—as many as forty in a day. Britain's Governor-General, Sir John Harding, got up one morning to discover he had slept the night on a time bomb which had failed to go off. The Cyprus problem has been blown off the front pages in recent weeks by the larger explosions in Egypt and Hungary. But it is about to return to the headlines, for the UN is scheduled to air the problem once again before this month has ended.

THE TINY island of Cyprus—it is only three times the size of Rhode Island—is saturated with history. Paul and Barnabas came and preached here nearly two thousand years ago. It is the island of Richard the Lion Hearted and of Shakespeare's Othello. Strangely enough, through its long, rich history, Cyprus has been ruled always by foreign powers: Egypt, Phoenicia, Assyria, Persia and Rome; Byzantium, Venice, Turkey and Britain. And the essential issue concerning Cyprus today is, who now shall rule?

The Turks took Cyprus in the sixteenth century. Mohammedanism thrived, and above the Gothic structures built by the Crusaders, Moslem minarets rose

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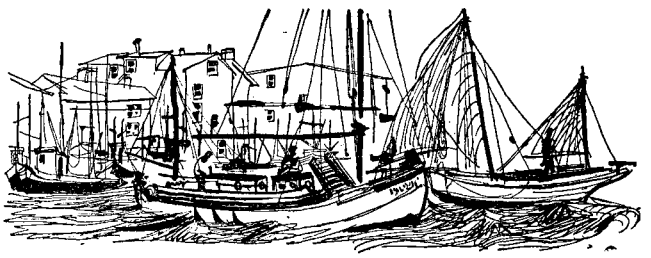
incongruously. For more than three hundred years, Cyprus was owned by Turkey. In 1878, the Sultan of Turkey, fearing the pressure of nearby Russia and thus wanting British power close at hand, invited the British to come in and administer the island. Disraeli, her Britannic Majesty's Prime Minister, agreed to rent the island for ninety-two thousand pounds per year. In 1923, following Turkey's defeat in World War I, the island was awarded outright to Great Britain. It is now a British Crown Colony.



Of the half million people who live on the island of Cyprus about eighty per cent or four hundred thousand speak Greek, belong to the Greek Orthodox Church and believe themselves to be Greek. Most Greek Cypriots want what they call *"enosis,"* which is a Greek word meaning union. The Cypriots who want *enosis* want union with Greece. They are now ruled from London. They want to be ruled from Athens. The remainder of the population, about twenty per cent or close to one hundred thousand, are of Turkish background. They are Moslems, and look to Turkey as their mother culture. They fear that if the British were to leave, the Greek majority would threaten the rights of the Turkish minority. Turkish Cypriots want Britain to stay.

Besides the Cypriots themselves, there are three principal actors in the struggle over who should rule Cyprus: Britain, Greece, and Turkey.

IN RECENT YEARS, the British have repeatedly offered the Cypriots the opportunity to progress toward self-government within the British Commonwealth. But self-government is not the same as self-determination. In this world of strident nationalism, the Greek-Cypriot is a strange nationalist. He does not want the right of freedom and self-government so much as the right to change his citizenship from British to Greek.

The British have not always held out against Greek ownership. Indeed, they have more than once been at the point of ceding the island to Greece. Greeks are fond of quoting Britain against herself. They have never let the British government forget that at various times men like Gladstone, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill have appeared to favor, of all things, *enosis*. Even when the Greek Cypriots were so uncivil as to burn his house to the ground in the early thirties, British Governor General Sir Ronald Storrs was magnanimous enough to confess that "the Greekness of Cypriots is . . . indisputable."

But each time the British talked seriously of cession, history seemed to throw up a new threat to British security in the Eastern Mediterranean which, from the British point of view, made possession of a Cypriot base a fundamental necessity. In the nineteenth century, it was the threat of Czarist Russia; in the early twentieth, it was the Kaiser's Germany and a German-oriented Turkey; in the interwar period, it was Mussolini's Italy; during World War II, it was Hitler's Germany which occupied nearby Crete; and today it is the threat of the Soviet Union in a very unsettled Middle East. *For the British, the Cyprus question is first and foremost a question of security.*

Though no one knew it at the time, the present outbreak on Cyprus was touched off by a communiqué issued by the British Ministry of Defense on January 27, 1954. It read in part: "The British Joint Headquarters for land and air forces in the Middle East [will] be moved in due course to Cyprus from the present base . . . in the Suez Canal Zone." To the Greek Cypriots this appeared to mean that the British were settling down on Cyprus for all eternity. As the influx of troops progressed, pressures mounted on Cyprus leading to violence.

The British have been pushed further and further out of the Middle East—out of Palestine, out of Abadan in Iran, out of Jordan, out of Suez. They abandoned their two air bases in Iraq as the price of Iraq's entry into the Baghdad Pact. The British insist that they will not be pushed further. Cyprus is their last foothold, the only home left in the Middle East for the British Army's "Fire Brigade," designed to protect Britain's vital oil interests and transportation routes.

But Britain feels her Cyprus base protects more than British interests. It is, she says, an important forward bastion of the free world. Recently, the Governor General of Cyprus told the N.Y. *Times'* military analyst, Hanson Baldwin: "This is the one base from which military air power can be used on the right flank of the North Atlantic Treaty Alliance or to support the Baghdad Pact." If it is argued that Britain might lease bases on a Cyprus controlled by Greece, the British call to mind the perils of such arrangements as recently demonstrated in Suez and in Jordan.

Though they have braced themselves against all pressures to cede Cyprus to Greece, the British in recent years have done well by the Cypriots. Irrigation and flood control have brought thousands of new acres under cultivation; native industries have flourished; the people of Cyprus have today the second lowest death rate in the world; schools have been built. As one writer noted, to the British, Cyprus is the intractable little girl of the nursery rhyme:

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What is the matter with Mary Jane?
She's perfectly well and she hasn't a pain.
And it's lovely rice pudding for dinner again.
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

THE GREEK-CYPRIOT, however, has no stomach for the rice pudding of economic well-being or the promise of self-government without *enosis*. He admits that his living standard would drop if Athens took over from London. Then he fills his rhetoric full of elaborate clichés about "loving liberty no less even though she comes in rags" and "poor mothers" who are to be preferred to "rich stepfathers."

The leader of the Greek-Cypriots is their Greek Orthodox, American-educated Archbishop, Makarios III. By the British, Makarios is regarded as an "awesome composite of Cardinal Richelieu, a Philadelphia lawyer, and John Foster Dulles. . . . [That is] he is foxy, devious and adept at brinkmanship." To the Greek Cypriot, Makarios is both chief father confessor and top national hero. Says Makarios: "We shall remain faithful unto death to our national claim. We shall never give way. We shall never compromise. We shall show contempt for force and tyranny. . . . If our rights are ignored . . . we shall regroup our forces and continue our struggle."

Last March, the British exiled Makarios to a small island in the Indian Ocean, which thus far has seemed to solve nothing. In England, the Archbishop of Canterbury warned that the deportation of Makarios would be considered a "sacrilege" by the Greeks of Cyprus. And Earl Clement Attlee observed shrewdly that punishing nationalist leaders was seldom effective since "the rebels of the past generally tend, sooner or later, to be the Prime Ministers of the British Commonwealth."

Greece is quick to pick up and amplify the protests of the Greek Cypriots. Cyprus, argue the Greeks, is joined to Greece by a history which reaches fifty centuries into the past. Cyprus was the legendary home of the Greek goddess Aphrodite. Here was born the Greek philosopher Zeno. From Cyprus went warriors with the Greeks of Attica to join in the siege of Troy. Three thousand five hundred years of recorded history have not diminished by one iota, say the Greeks, the Hellenic heritage of this island. It is as Greek as Greece itself.

Nothing illustrates better the strength of Greek feeling about Cyprus than the story of the twenty-one Greek army officers who marched two hundred miles to Athens to deliver personally two phials of their blood as a token of their resolve to "give their lives if necessary for the liberation of Cyprus." They were welcomed by the city council and later marched through the streets. An Archbishop accepted one of the phials on behalf of the Church in Cyprus. The other was sent to Sir Winston Churchill.

Why is it, demand the Greeks, that these descendants of the oldest democracy of the world, that of ancient Greece; why is it that these people among whom lived and preached St. Paul and St. Barnabas centuries before the word of Christianity penetrated the British Isles; why is it that these people are still held in bondage and denied the right to determine their own political future? Let the people of Cyprus speak, say the Greeks; let them decide by majority vote who shall rule Cyprus. *For the Greeks, the Cyprus question is a matter of political self-determination.*

TO THIS VIEW, Turkey will apparently never agree. Besides their frequently expressed concern for the welfare of their minority on Cyprus, the Turkish argument is based on history and geography. Historically, Cyprus belonged to Turkey for more than three hundred years. It was awarded to Britain by the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923. Turkey signed that treaty. (Incidentally, Greece did too.) If the status of Cyprus is to be altered, Turkey demands a voice in the island's future disposition.

Geographically, Cyprus lies just forty miles off Turkey's southern coast; the mainland of Greece is several hundred miles to the west. A glance at the map reveals that Turkey's entire coast on the Aegean is controlled by Greek-held islands, some only four to five miles off shore. What if Cyprus should go to Greece, say the Turks, and what if the government in Athens should fall to a regime friendly to Russia? With

Cyprus in Greek hands, Turkey's encirclement would be complete. There have been hints dropped that on the morning after the British move out of Cyprus, Turkish forces will move in. *For the Turks, the Cyprus question turns on the hard facts of history and geography.*

HOW DOES one reconcile the requirements of British security, Greek demands for self-determination, and Turkish fears based on latent animosities

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and the geographical proximity of Cyprus to the Turkish mainland? It isn't easy.

Last June, there appeared to be some possibility of a *rapprochement* between the British and the Greek Cypriots. It would have involved immediate self-government with a plebiscite in ten years' time to determine the ultimate sovereignty of the island. From Ankara, the Turkish Premier, Adnan Menderes, responded with a stormy "No." Menderes, under heavy fire at home for his inflationary economic policies and in no position to back down on Cyprus, said *enosis* would be an "international disaster." He demanded, in effect, that the minority on Cyprus be given the power to veto any change of sovereignty.

But when a few weeks ago, the British produced a new plan which provided for limited self-government, but which postponed *enosis* until such time as "the international and strategic situation" permitted, howls of protest were heard in Athens.

The trouble with a situation like this is that there is some validity and much logic to support the conflicting arguments of all contestants. This is what makes international problems so seldom susceptible to easy answers. There are no simple rights; no simple wrongs. And this is why workable solutions to such problems involve above all else give-and-take, compromise and good will on all sides. Thus far, no successful compromise to the Cyprus question is in sight. Meanwhile, the violence on Cyprus continues. And relations between three vital members of the free world community—Great Britain, Greece, and Turkey—continue to deteriorate rapidly.

THE COAL FIELDS

Peace in the Mines

LAWRENCE T. KING

DESPITE THE tremendous changes that have taken place in American life in recent decades, the physical appearance of the coal mining towns remains much the same as when they were founded. Coal dust from the tipples, smoke from the perpetually burning slag heaps and soot from the railroad engines combine to throw a gray pall over everything. The atmosphere is as bleak as the dark pits in which the miners labor.

Coal has always been cheap—cheaper than the lives of the miners themselves. Before 1910, cave-ins and explosions were so commonplace that no one bothered to keep accurate statistics on them. Since that year, more than two million have been listed as accident victims, and more than 70,000 of these were killed outright. Much has been done in recent years to reduce this appalling loss of human life, but coal mining remains the world's most dangerous occupation. The miners themselves know that no law or code will ever completely succeed in lifting the pall of death that hangs over every mine shaft.

This proximity to death, the uncertainty of existence from day to day, has given people of the mining towns a fatalistic attitude toward life and has helped to develop a group consciousness strong enough to withstand the pressures of the world outside. To the miner, public opinion is the family next door, the men he works with, the word of the local president. He is sustained in his conviction by the knowledge that he is performing a vital labor. And he is given a unity of purpose by a strong union which has won his allegiance by delivering him from the servitude of the past.

The company towns—spawned by the very nature of the industry—were the instrumentality which kept the miner in bondage. He lived in one of a desolate row of company houses from which he could be evicted if he went out on strike. He depended upon the company stores for the necessities of life, being advanced credit in the slack periods and denied credit in the event of a strike. When he was sick or injured he was treated by a company doctor. When he died, he was buried in a company-owned plot of ground. Thus the image of the miner became embedded in the national consciousness as the classic example of human exploitation inherent in *laissez faire* capitalism.

What is often overlooked, however, is the fact that the operators were also victimized by the system. They were engaged in a fiercely competitive business and their profits—and survival—depended upon their ability to produce coal cheaper than their competitors. At a time when industry-wide unionism was but a dream, each company was dominated by the fear of unionization. Attempts at organization were met with

Mr. King is a newspaperman who covered the activities of the UMW for several years.

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a ruthlessness unparalleled in the history of American industry. The miners time and time again staged strikes, only to see them crushed by the guns of hired police and strike breakers. When the miners finally did succeed in forming a union, they had become convinced that the only language the operators understood was the language of force. Early union leaders who sought to use reason and persuasion in their dealings with the operators became suspect and were destroyed by the very men they were trying to help.

THE ONE MAN who fully understood the moods and feelings of the miners was John L. Lewis. He assumed the presidency of the United Mine Workers in 1920. At the time, the UMW was the largest union in the country. But it was also a union beset by internal dissension, a loose federation of sprawling geographical districts, each jealous of its autonomy in negotiating its own contracts, electing its own officers and formulating its own policies. The operators took advantage of this situation and pitted one district against the other. The result was the application of a sort of Gresham's law, with bad contracts driving the good ones out of circulation.

The operators were the epitome of rugged individualism. They eschewed any form of organization among themselves. There were too many mines, too many miners and too much competition. When a surplus of coal piled up, they would reduce the work force, thus keeping the fields in a chronic state of unemployment. Coal was an industry that seemed to be dying of its own chaos.

The early leaders of the UMW—and the rank-and-file as well—believed the problem could be solved only by nationalization. Lewis shared this belief in his early years, but by 1925 his economic philosophy had changed to such an extent that he was able to write:

"The policy of the United Mine Workers of America is neither new nor revolutionary. It does not command the respect of visionaries and Utopians. It ought to have the support of every thinking business man in the United States because it proposes to allow natural economic laws free play in the production and distribution of coal."

And where did unionism fit into the picture?

"Trade unionism," Lewis wrote, "is a phenomenon quite similar to the corporation. One is essentially a pooling of labor for the purpose of common action in production and sales. The other is the pooling of capital for exactly the same purpose. The economic aims of both are identical—gain."

Lewis believed then that unions must "compel capitalists to act like capitalists." The fiery young idealist, the exponent of nationalization, had become a follower of Adam Smith's theory of economics—the survival of the fittest. The problem of overproduction and overdevelopment, he believed, would ultimately be solved by natural economic laws which would drive the marginal producers out of business, force superfluous labor into other industries and reduce the volume of coal produced. He sought to hasten the process by forcing wage scales upward.

In the early 1920's, Lewis engineered a series of long and violent strikes, taking advantage of the turmoil and bitterness they engendered to refashion the UMW into a strong, disciplined labor force. Union democracy and district autonomy went out the window. By appointing his own district presidents over the sprawling UMW, Lewis was able to achieve a unity that strengthened his hand in negotiating contracts on a national rather than a regional scale. To meet this strategy, the operators were compelled to abandon their rugged individualism and unite in operators' associations.

During this period, Lewis was able to consolidate his position of leadership. It was, however, a hollow victory. Vast areas of the coal fields—largely in the southern Appalachian fields—remained unorganized. The union mines were able to stay in business only because their higher wage costs were offset by the higher freight rates of moving the non-union coal longer distances to the industrial centers. The growth of the captive steel mines—those mines owned and operated by the steel companies—also created a serious problem. In 1924, union mines produced two-thirds of the total output. By 1926, they produced barely one-third.

The free play of economic forces never did come to Lewis' aid. Membership of the UMW fell from a peak of 400,000 in 1920 to 60,000 in 1930. Rumbles of discontent spread throughout the coal fields. Nationalization again was advanced as the solution. Rank-and-file miners once more began to question the policies of their leader. Demands grew louder for the restoration of district autonomy. And over all hung the fear that the organized labor movement was about to crumble under the weight of mass unemployment.

SUCH WAS the climate when Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House and the first stirring of the Big Change began to be felt throughout the country. It was the era of the Wagner Act, the NRA, the CCC and the WPA. A new spirit was sent surging over the land, and it was strong enough to move Lewis from his position of "union capitalism." Into the non-union mine fields, he sent armies of organizers with the cry, "The President wants you to join the union!" Thousands responded. The Southern fields fell before the offensive.

The problem of the captive mines remained. The steel companies were determined to keep unions out

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of their mines; Lewis was just as determined to organize them. This was the time when Lewis had his great vision: organization of the workers in the mass industries who were denied the benefits of unionism under the existing crafts principle of the American Federation of Labor.

When the AFL turned down Lewis' proposal for a drive to organize these industries, he pushed ahead on his own and, backed by the treasury of the UMW, spearheaded the formation of the Committee for Industrial Organization, which succeeded in organizing not only the captive mines but eventually the steel industry, the rubber industry and the auto industry as well. Lewis realized that as long as millions of workers remained unorganized, their low wage levels would tend to depress the wages of the entire labor force, including the wages of his own miners.

Lewis has long since broken from the CIO, rejoined the AFL and broken again from the AFL. He defied the orders of two Presidents, called a crippling coal strike while the nation was at war, flouted the provisions of the Taft-Hartley law, ignored federal court injunctions and incurred heavy penalties upon himself and his union. And through it all, the UMW followed resolutely, never breaking ranks, never questioning his decisions.

Where has Lewis' leadership taken the miners? In a span of thirty-five years, they have climbed from the lowest to the highest rung on the industrial wage ladder. Their latest contract gives them an hourly average wage of better than three dollars an hour, fully a dollar more than the average industrial average. For the past ten years, they have been covered by industry's most comprehensive health and welfare plan financed by a royalty of fifty cents on every ton of coal mined. During this time, the fund has collected more than a billion dollars and distributed more than $403,000,000 in pensions, $293,756,000 in hospital and medical care, $105,000,000 in cash aid to disabled miners and $78,981,000 to widows and survivors.

The crowning achievement of the fund came last year with the opening of ten hospitals throughout the coal fields. Teams of trained doctors and nurses were sent out into the back hills and hollows to gather up the maimed and crippled miners who had been left there to wither away and die. An amazing rehabilitation program was set into motion and the results have been phenomenal.

Even more remarkable has been the peace and tranquility which have settled over the coal fields. For the past three years, Lewis has negotiated contracts without even mentioning the word strike, a weapon that he has used with ruthless abandon in the past to win his point.

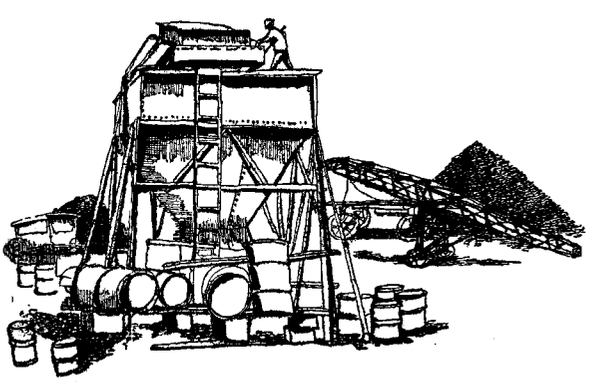
Four years ago, the operators said—and many industrial analysts agreed with them—that Lewis' perennial demands were destroying the market for coal. They stressed the competitive pressures of oil and natural gas and the uncertainty of labor peace which had reduced the amount of coal mined from 630 million tons in 1947 to a low of 392 million tons.

Lewis replied, "Long after this country's oil reserves are gone, men will still be digging coal." Recent events have given his words a prophetic ring. Last year, the production of coal almost doubled from the previous year's figure. The output this year is expected to exceed the 500-million ton mark, and the immediate future is brighter than ever.

A number of factors have brought about this resurgence. The increasing demand for fuel to run steam generating plants for the production of electricity has created an omnivorous new market for coal which is offsetting the abandonment of coal in other fields. Automation has also played a big part by reducing production costs and enabling the average American miner to turn out eleven tons of coal a day, a productivity rate that is eight times higher than that of his European counterpart.

Four years ago, many of the mines were down and thousands of miners were drawing unemployment compensation. Today the miners are back in the pits, the tipples are humming and the clang of the coal cars is resounding again throughout the coal fields.

DESPITE THESE improved conditions, there has been little change in the physical pattern of living in the coal fields. The automobile and new highways have ended the miners' geographic isolation, but they have not broadened his outlook. The high cost of maintaining deteriorating company homes has finally forced many operators to sell them to the tenants, but home ownership has not removed the bleakness of the mining towns. The company stores now have to compete with supermarkets in the neighboring cities, but the habits of a lifetime of credit buying are hard to break, and the miners continue to spend their pay before they receive it. Adult educational opportunities remain non-existent. Miners from Central Europe and the Mediterranean have never had an opportunity to



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learn to speak or write English correctly, and in the Southern fields the illiteracy rate is surprisingly high.

John Brophy, one of Lewis' early lieutenants, once proposed that the UMW undertake a program that would include union-financed housing, cooperative stores, adult education centers and family clinics. The proposal was dismissed as Utopian. To Lewis, the UMW had but one purpose: to negotiate contracts to increase wages and improve working conditions. There was no place in the UMW for any of the "frills" proposed by Brophy.

Lewis, however, fought tenaciously for a health and welfare plan that was regarded as the acme of Utopianism when it was first suggested. The program fulfills a basic need—just as Brophy's program would have fulfilled basic needs and given the miners an opportunity to enjoy more fully their hard-won economic gains. Perhaps the welfare program was pushed with such determination to make up for the failures of the past, a belated recognition that for true progress social gains must go hand in hand with economic gains.

Today, despite the present upsurge, the miners face the prospect of increased automation with uncertainty. The work force has been cut by one-third from the pre-war period, and the displacement will be accelerated in the future. The fluctuations of supply and demand continue to rule the industry, and the miners are still subject to periodic layoffs. In the past, Lewis' strikes were often strategically timed to prevent the stockpiling of coal with the subsequent loss of work for the miners. A work stoppage now, however, would cut off royalty payments and would in effect constitute a strike against the miners themselves.

But the welfare fund has merely presaged a greater change which has been evident in the aura of friendliness surrounding recent UMW contract negotiations. In 1954, when the fortunes of the industry were at a low ebb, Lewis—without a murmur of protest from the miners—did not press for a wage increase. Ten years ago, such a course of action would have been denounced as a "sellout to the operators."

The miners have had to acknowledge the hard fact that coal no longer is the kingpin of American industry. Coal has been eliminated as a home heating fuel. The railroads have been Dieselized. Most plants now are equipped to shift at a moment's notice to other fuels when coal is not available.

In short, the exigencies of the present have been powerful enough to overcome the bitterness of the past and force the miners and operators to work together. Three years of labor peace have revitalized the industry. New markets have been found. A new atmosphere has been created in which the problems of the future can be dealt with intelligently. Intransigence at last has given way to reason and persuasion. It is a pity that it took so long.

"LEPRECHAUN DOWN THE BOREEN"

For Export Only

BRIAN FRIEL

WE WERE TALKING about the problems of the Irish writer, which, we agreed, were the problems of any writer living in a small community which cannot possibly support him. And my friend (who is a civil servant who writes but who prefers—would you blame him?—to be thought of as a writer who supports himself by being a civil servant) said wistfully: "What we need is a new battery of really big guns. Our old ones are no longer effective."

Either pride or humility prevented him from saying directly what he meant: if the big men in the literary life of a country are sufficiently big, they can blaze the trail for a score of smaller men like ourselves. They are the men who create the quick atmosphere and prick us into activity. We do not hope to outstrip them, but at least they set us a good pace.

He said it wistfully, I thought, because both of us remembered the old days just before the war. We had Shaw then and Joyce and O'Casey and what more could you want? Or go even further back and we had Yeats and Synge and Moore and Russell. Aye, those were the days. An Irish writer was somebody then. A manuscript signed O'Boyle or O'Kelly was as welcome as Irish whiskey; an "O" in front of your name was as useful as a Masonic handshake under other circumstances. Paradoxical as it may seem, we had England at our feet for once.

Then the war came. And Joyce died and Shaw died and only O'Casey, who now raged incoherently, was left. And as well as being suddenly orphaned, we be-

Brian Friel is himself an Irish writer. This is his first article in The Commonweal.

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came suddenly unpopular in England where most of our income came from. There was, as we glibly learned at school about the Renaissance, a "change of mind and outlook." The big men were gone and they had no successors and that curious process of "reassessment" had begun. Was Shaw really only a Sophist and was Joyce merely intellectualism gone crazy? And O'Casey, God help him, was he not somersaulting himself back into ridicule? As for the rest of us, the prospect looked dark. The little magazines went into decline and faded out. *Envoy,* as strange and prophetic as John the Baptist, collapsed at its work and only *The Bell* was left, sounding the tocsin to a diminishing and apathetic public. Then it too went. And there was silence.

There were still the small men, of course, and plenty of them: the journalists and writer-teachers and writer-barristers and writer-civil servants and they plodded on. But the bitterness of futility had set in. They each had their hobbyhorse which they rode desperately . . . the Censorship Board, the Church, Partition, Politics, the Priests, Emigration . . . and their creative talent became gnarled with rage and vexation.

For a time, it looked as if the story would end there on a high, discordant note of bickering and fighting. But sure the Lord had other plans for us and us busy squabbling among ourselves. In fact, so busy were we, that we did not realize for a long time the golden opportunity that was at our feet. And that opportunity was the American market!

HARD, UGLY WORDS to use to an artist . . . "market!" . . . so commercial, so base . . . and then, to crown it all, "American market"! To begin with, we refused *en masse* to use the offensive term. In fact, we dismissed the idea as being vulgar, if not almost prostitutional, and went home to read the latest libel case in the national dailies.

Once we got home, though, the whole idea didn't seem so base at all. Perhaps there was something in that American market business. Money, of course—not that money would influence us. But after all, we thought, haven't they got Padraic Colum over there and hasn't O'Faolain been brought over by *Holiday* to do some articles and wasn't Peadar O'Donnell over too . . . no, but he tried to get over. Men of integrity all, these fine writers, independent minds, no fawning beggars these. So we began to give the matter a second thought.

It would be misleading to suggest that after this there was a hectic rush to bottom drawers and brief cases to root out all sorts of forgotten manuscripts and that we all began immediately to bombard American publishers. Nothing of the sort. We still poohpoohed the idea in public: "Write for Americans? I don't even speak their language!" or "Americans? Heavens, man, they are dedicated to Elvis Presley and the Dodgers! They're scarcely civilized!" But alone at night, we thought it over and the following morning we got our international reply coupons. Of course we were prostituting ourselves, we felt, but a writer must live.

Then a truly amazing thing happened. Our manuscripts came home to us. At first we were shocked, then indignant, then simply puzzled. At the beginning we kept discreetly quiet. This was something that we would not want to be known generally. Turned down by the Yanks! Huh! But it is hard to keep a secret in Ireland, and over a pint some night you mention guardedly that you heard that American publishers are begging for Irish writers. Your writer-teacher friend cries, "They are, are they?" and he produces a plausibly worded rejection slip from the United States. The story is out now and together you can wash down your pride and your superiority and your bitterness as the pair of you agree that the Americans are no earthly good anyway.

To make a long story short, we were finally convinced that there was such a thing as an American market which was anxious for Irish manuscripts. It has done a lot of good. It has kept many an Irish writer writing and saved him from the damnation of literary talk only; it has lifted many an Irish writer off his hobbyhorse and given him an outlet for energies which were brilliantly but futilely wasted on newspaper correspondence; and lastly, it has given many an Irish writer the money he needs to buy himself the extra drop that will help him to remember the old days.

There are strings attached, of course. When you write for the American market, you must keep in mind that you are writing for export only. This does not mean that you tell lies. It means that there are certain aspects of Irish life that you ignore lest you upset the traditional concept of Irish life which Americans have. You conveniently forget, for example, that Liberace was a big hit recently in Dublin and that Cork boys and girls can jitterbug as expertly as boys and girls from Chicago. You conveniently forget that our politicians are just like any other politicians and you remember them only as young men who once fought for an ideal. You conveniently forget that our fishermen now work on radar-equipped government-supplied ships and that the hazardous canvas-bottomed curraghs are relatively few. All this might suggest that the writer's scope is cripplingly limited. But no. There are still plenty of whitewashed, thatched cottages to be found; you will still meet people who say, "Glory be to God now, sure isn't it a fine soft day," even though it is raining cats and dogs; there are still dances held at crossroads and lame fiddlers to play at them; and, God help us, who would turn his back on a leprechaun if he met one down the boreen? Certainly not an Irish writer!

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SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS

FOR A BREATHLESS ten minutes last summer it looked as if Senator John Kennedy might get the Democratic Vice Presidential nomination. Kennedy came close enough to revive the old Catholic-in-the-White House controversy. An article in a recent issue of the *Christian Century* written by Roy Pearson, dean of the Andover Newton Theological School, may be the opening shot in an attack that will grow in intensity as 1960 approaches.

The Pearson article recalls the excesses of 1928, but, apart from a few lapses into the camp-meeting pieties of the POAU, its tone is almost sadly resigned. Maybe some of your best friends *are* Catholics, Dean Pearson seems to be saying, but would you want your sister to vote for one of them?

The intelligent voter, the dean claims, should not count it bigotry but wisdom to seek answers to a number of questions before giving his support to a Roman Catholic candidate.

Question number one: "What evidence has the candidate given that his primary loyalty is directly to God and not to an ecclesiastical hierarchy which claims to speak for God?"

There is a nice box for you. What the dean is actually asking is: What evidence has the candidate given that he does not truly believe in the Catholic Church? What evidence has he given that he is really a disguised Protestant?

Next question: "What assurance does the voter have that the candidate is strong enough to resist the implied and the explicit pressures which are certain to be exerted upon him when decisions of consequence to the church are entrusted to his hands?"

This is a valid enough question to ask about any candidate. Will he be able to resist group pressures of all kinds and act for the good of the whole nation? Will he live up to his oath of office to support and defend the Constitution? But, however fair in the abstract, in this context the question reeks with bias and self-righteousness. What the dean is asking is: Can you really trust a Catholic to keep his word?

I know that I would think twice now before I voted for Dean Pearson. He does not regard my rights and dignity as a citizen very highly and I doubt that I would entrust them to his care. But I expect to vote for some other Protestant in 1960 and to do so cheerfully on the basis of his personal qualifications. The question is what kind of *man* is he, not what kind of Protestant is he.

The questionnaire continues: "Will the candidate use his new position to secure the appointment of others of his faith?"

An ideal office-holder, of course, would secure the appointment of the best men available, without regard to their faith. And it just might be the obligation of seminary deans and butcher-paper editors to speed that day.

There is precedent for packing the high offices with members of one faith—and I fear it is a Protestant precedent—but it might be hoped that a Catholic or Jewish President would do better on this than his Protestant predecessors have. He could hardly do worse.

In the next question Dean Pearson indulges in those POAU-Paul Blanshard semantics which probably go over big at Andover Newton (and alas in the *Christian Century,* a delightfully urbane publication until it gets on "Rome") but sound distressingly like the old *Menace*. "Does the voter look with favor," the dean asks, "upon the government of his nation by an individual who has pledged his allegiance to a foreign potentate commanding unqualified obedience and having the power of imposing on temporal infractions of ecclesiastical law the sanctions of God's condemnation?" This seems to be a long-winded way to say "What about the Pope?"

The last item on the dean's list of caveats is familiar: The Catholic Church claims to be the one true Church; wherever it is powerful it will deny all other faiths the right of public assembly and proclamation, confine them to private observance and gradually expunge them altogether. "Every loyal Catholic is an inescapable participant in this rigidly controlled organization," says the dean. "Does the voter wish to place in positions of authority candidates with such commitments?"

Catholics of America, did you know that you were committed to a program of this kind? Did you know, Senator Kennedy, Justice Brennan, Mrs. Luce, Mayor Wagner? Did Robert Wagner, Sr. know? Did Frank Murphy and Heywood Broun know? Editors of The Commonweal, how about you? Bing Crosby, Rosalind Russell, Jimmy Durante, Ed Sullivan, Fibber McGee and Molly, all you devotees of intolerance, how about living up to your commitments? Get going, Jim Farley, Henry Ford, Phyllis McGinley, George Shuster. Remember Knute Rockne, Senator David I. Walsh, Al Smith, Father Duffy, Phil Murray, Babe Ruth; let the memory of their intolerance spur you on to greater efforts. They were no more "committed" than you are.

It is time to do something about the free and easy ways of the American Bible Belt. Let's turn it into a stifling, intolerant place like Rome and Naples. Remember, Catholics of America, you are committed to intolerance. It says so right here in the *Christian Century.*

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE SCREEN

SIBLINGS ON THE RANGE

ALTHOUGH IT is by no means the first psychological western, "Gun for a Coward" is rather effective at mixing Freudian findings with the great open spaces. Its script, written by R. Wright Campbell and dealing mainly with a story of three brothers, is, though fairly basic, always interesting. The only thing the brothers seem to have in common is a high regard for ranch life. The eldest (Fred MacMurray) has worked relentlessly to build up the ranch and support this fatherless family. The next brother (Jeffrey Hunter), gentle and sensitive by comparison, is considered a coward because of his strong opposition to violence and because he ran away from the rattler that bit and killed his father. The youngest brother (Dean Stockwell) likes to whoop it up and rush into a brawl without giving much thought to anything. Although the brothers have a certain amount of affection for each other, it is sorely tested by the differences and competition that exist among them, by the fact that their mother (Josephine Hutchinson) favors Jeffrey, and by the love that slowly develops between Jeffrey and the girl (Janice Rule) who is generally considered Fred's fiancée.

There's nothing like a good rough-and-tumble cattle drive to bring the brothers' disagreement to the boiling point. And Director Abner Biberman makes the most of the situation to add to the excitement and tension. While the picture's plot is rather disjointed at times and its psychological aspects don't exactly make another long day's journey, "Gun for a Coward" is an unusual and stimulating western.

MOVIEGOERS FED up with post-Civil War films will find "Drango" something quite different in this period. It tells the story of Union Major Drango who was active in Sherman's destruction march to the sea and who now returns to a southern town to govern its resentful citizens and help them rebuild the area. Moved by guilt and a deep-felt interest in the community, Drango really tries to follow Lincoln's policy toward a conquered people; but Lincoln is dead, and Drango gets little cooperation from the Union Army —and almost none from the beaten, still-proud Southerners who refuse to get to work, clear their fields and take on civic responsibilities while Drango is in command. Main opposition is led by a Southern hot-blood (effectively played by Ronald Howard) who hopes to re-open the war and, incidentally, to set himself up as a sort of Little Caesar.

"Drango" makes its points well in these days when an Army of Occupation is still in the news. As a film, however, it leaves much to be desired. Hall Bartlett, who produced and wrote the script, moved too leisurely through the story and lingered so long over some of its details that the picture drags. Furthermore, under Bartlett's and Jules Bricken's direction, the lead role is played by Jeff Chandler with so little emotion that it is hard to believe that Drango is seriously involved in his subjects' welfare. The supporting cast, however, come through well: Joanne Dru as a Southern girl who sympathizes with Drango's problems, Donald Crisp as Ronald Howard's perplexed father, and many others as citizens in this war-torn community. The directors have been especially good in handling the children who figure so importantly in the plot. And James Wong Howe's photography of the locales and people is excellent.

COMIC OR serious? "Top Secret Affair" couldn't make up its mind and, while it is very amusing at times, it winds up as neither fish nor fowl. Perhaps its indecision stems from the fact that it is based on characters from John P. Marquand's *Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.* rather than from the story itself. Kirk Douglas, as the major general, and Susan Hayward, as the publisher of a news magazine intent on doing him in, are lively enough at first, but as the thin plot runs on they become caricatures. This proves fatal to the movie since it expects us to take them seriously when the clowning stops.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"EDUCATION AND THE STATE"

Glen Ridge, N. J.

TO the Editors: Mr. Christopher Dawson gives us little comfort in his recent article [Jan. 25]. His proposed solution, while interesting theoretically, is hardly to the point here and now when the "leakage" is occurring. We all know of the slow pace of historical developments, the present debacle having begun at least as far back as René Descartes; hence the introduction of Christian studies in secular universities may be of some significance in fifty or a hundred years. By that time at the rate we are going Christian studies may have the social impact of the Department of Sanskirt of any major university. This might not be a bad idea if I rightly understand Mr. Dawson's penchant for confusing Christian principle with medieval Christian social structure, medieval philosophy, etc.

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If there is one thing Catholics of today should understand, it is that looking over the shoulder nostalgically to the good old days when social custom supported Catholic values can come to no good end. What is required today is a revitalization of religious values in the people which will evoke new, vital and perhaps totally different social institutions that in turn reinforce morality and Christian principle. To do this all Christians should be committed. Mr. Dawson's recommendations could be one small segment in developing such a program.

BERNARD J. ENTNER.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: Few, if any, Catholic readers of The Commonweal would question the real scholarly validity of Christopher Dawson's views on the political origins of secularized education. Nor is it doubted by American Catholics that the democratic (to the point of being "religious") idealism of John Dewey has gone far in stinting the growth of true, Christian idealism in education.

However, it does seem that the practical, educative value of Mr. Dawson's plan for the introduction of courses in "Christian culture" at the university level could be called into question. If Mr. Dawson's plan calls for a renewal of spirit through the study of such writers as St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas and Dante (and doubtless, it does include them), then let's have them by all means! But, as it stands, does not the eminent historian's antidote at least *appear* to by-pass the traditional Graeco-Roman contribution? And in so doing would we not produce, even in the minds of secondary-school students, the undesirable impression that Christianity has little foundation in the achievement of natural reason? The grace of Revelation does no violence to the true thinking of Plato and Aristotle.

If and when that happy day arrives wherein American education on all levels begins to feel the impact of Christian culture, let us hope that the swing of the pendulum toward Jerusalem does not overlook Athens and Rome.

BERNARD E. MCGOLDRICK, S.J.

DOROTHY DAY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The corporal works of mercy aren't what they were. Few people now take kindly to soup, or bread and dripping at midnight, as dispensed in London shelters. The sinner meets admonishment with ever decreasing enthusiasm, and burying the dead has become well-nigh impossible, what with sanitary regulations in peacetime and atomic weapons which tend to confound the living with the dead. Even visiting prisoners has become terribly difficult. Efforts to deliver flowers, or a hot water bottle, or any other creature comforts to Dorothy Day, then serving five days sentence in the Women's House of Detention, Greenwich Avenue at 10th St., for having refused to take shelter during a mock air-raid, proved totally unavailing.

The only visiting hours that were permitted (for relatives of female prisoners) were Saturdays and Sundays; to visit at all first a letter has to be written to the prison director, who mails a request for a pass; the pass must then be obtained. . . . No, nothing would be delivered to a prisoner except telegrams or letters; no, if a person actually appeared she would not be allowed to communicate with the prisoner, not even to have a cosy little chat through the bars. Certainly this makes performing the corporal works of mercy complicated.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

"SOURCES OF HUMANISM"

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: To score the spiritual history of Western man in slightly under four pages and in only one key, as Mr. Novak does in his "Sources of Humanism" [Jan. 18], takes intelligence, ingenuity, and makes for stimulating reading; it also, unfortunately, does violence to the facts and, in this case, to Plato.

Plato was a philosopher and undoubtedly would have viewed with sympathy any attempt to construct on *philosophic* principles a topography of ideas and spiritual movements for mankind (as Gilson has done for philosophy itself in his various works); he probably would be a little puzzled by such an attempt when its conclusions were based on an indiscriminate mixture of philosophy, theology, and prophecy, and his final reaction might be amusement, when he saw that he, or "platonism," was being made solely responsible for the periodic recurrence of certain ideas and tendencies —as if he had invented and patented the ideas and had built the tendencies into human nature.

A new humanism is waiting to be born (our contemporary literature, as Mr. Novak points out, certainly shows this) and if Christians are to have any part in the process they will have to learn to be more faithful to the best spirit of the Aristotelian-Thomist tradition: that of trust in the objectivity of reality and of willingness to search out its contours patiently. Idealism does have its dangers—the chief one, perhaps, being an over-readiness to construct models of reality that do not fairly represent the original—and I am sure Mr. Novak does not want to join Plato in succumbing to them.

JAMES DAVITT.

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Poetry of Silence

WALLACE FOWLIE

IN THE FEW printed statements about her own poetry, Elizabeth Bishop has actually said very little, but she has made a few pointed remarks on the kind of analysis poetry is now receiving, on the tendency of the modern critic to talk the very life out of poetry. It is quite true that the modern critic, especially of poetry, has his pretensions and determinations which, to the poet, must seem deadly or monstrous or, worse still, tedious.

To critics of Miss Bishop this is warning indeed. But poetry would come to an end if it were not criticized and discussed, if we no longer made attempts, even bungling and incomplete, to see it in its relationship to other poetry, to its subject, to its world and even to its creator. What justifies poetry? There is only one answer to this question: the fragile and evanescent character of reality. The continuous flow of things, their flight and their disappearance, call upon art to fix them in some form and thus retain them. The subjects of the poems of Elizabeth Bishop are known and seen and watched over by her. She expects her readers to feel some degree of attachment to the forms in which she proposes them and even some attachment to the life from which they have sprung.

The ancient justification of poetry is demonstrated in her *Poems* (Houghton, Mifflin. 1955.) in a direct and unaffected way. What is by nature ephemeral finds here its permanence and its solidity in a strict language. The immutable poem is drawn from the most fluid of worlds and experiences. Miss Bishop's world is opulent, but in the most unexpected and most humble ways. As a poet, she gives order to this opulence. She enumerates it. She stabilizes the shudder, the nerve, the reflection, the pleasure and the irradiation.

The vanity of men is sometimes seen in the monuments they erect to commemorate history. In his own way, but in a far more secretive and more humble way, the poet tries to build what will not perish. The law of the world is decay and dilapidation. A poem immortalizes the perishable. Some of Miss Bishop's poems are chronicles of what might have passed into oblivion. Others are nomenclatures of treasures that might have disappeared from before the eyes of men, or personal predilections which might in time have vanished completely, even from the poet's own consciousness.

Mr. Fowlie, professor at Bennington College, recently edited the *Journals of Jean Cocteau.*

IN THIS poetic work there is nothing merely invented. There is no fantasy and no delirium. There are embellishments, in the best tradition, but what is embellished is already true. What is sanctioned is what has been found to be authentic. Miss Bishop's first collection of poems, entitled *North and South,* was published in 1945. Thirty poems in all, some became well known almost immediately. "The Man-Moth," taking its start from a newspaper misprint for "mammoth," is orchestrated into a terrifying allegory on Man in which the terror is always lessened by the poet's sympathy for the strivings and the flights of the Moth. "Cirque d'Hiver" is a poem about a toy circus horse bearing on its back a little dancer. There is allegory here too in the strivings of the mechanical toy, but especially there is pathos in this poet's power of observation.

> His mane and tail are straight from Chirico.
> He has a formal, melancholy soul.
> He feels her pink toes dangle toward his back
> along the little pole
> that pierces both her body and her soul.

"A Miracle for Breakfast" is fully illustrative of Elizabeth Bishop's first style and method. The poem seems to be telling a story of men waiting under a balcony in the early morning for a crumb and coffee. But they are also waiting for a miracle, "like kings of old," and the poem sustains itself on several levels of narrative ("We were waiting for coffee"), of realistic observation ("The first ferry of the day had just crossed the river") and allegory ("My crumb/my mansion, made for me by a miracle.") The same complexity of levels is in "The Monument," and the same simplicity and even humbleness in the original image. This poet, so abundantly endowed with the power of observation, possesses the complementary power of transforming whatever she sees. She speaks of these combined methods at the end of "The Monument."

> It is the beginning of a painting,
> a piece of sculpture, or poem, or monument,
> and all of wood. Watch it closely.

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The reader recognizes all the elements of these poems, and yet he is not in his own world. It is the poet's. It is uniquely her world. These poems are the annals of some civilization known to her, but which must remain problematical to us. Miss Bishop is neither historian nor tourist, but a poet. Whenever she begins to write history, or a tale of travel, or a panegyric, or a moment of transport, it is quickly interrupted so that the poem may come into being. And we are presented with a sheaf of wonders and stories and observations. One thinks of a museum of fragments visited and recorded and pleasing to this one poet. In particular, we read the wonders of nature, not explained by Elizabeth Bishop but held in her language and her devotion.

Although this earlier volume of thirty poems contains no didactic poems it teaches a great deal about the function and meaning of poetry. It teaches how the smallest events which may befall a human being attest in their infinity to the extent of human resources and the extent of the world's wealth. And yet Miss Bishop never sets about to explain in a poem. She prefers to ask questions, and in this asking it would seem that she sides with the order of nature as against the disorder of civilization. She knows what to choose, from the perishable marvels and from the daily trivialities, for the patient writing which ends by triumphing over the transitory.

SHE HAS clarified for me, as in reading "Little Exercise," some of the more abstruse lessons on poetry which I first studied in Mallarmé. The precept, for example, which states that the language of the legitimate poet is drawn not so much from language as from the silence of the poet. One of the most ancient vows of the literary artist is to write within silence. He approaches the enigma of art when he is able to preserve silence within the words of poetry. It bears a proximity to language. Mallarmé taught that a word, when used by a poet, is not the expression of a thing, it is the absence of that thing. This seems to mean that a word, in its authentic use by a poet, creates between the object and its name, a distance, and therefore prepares the absence in which the poem will take its form.

In studying Miss Bishop's poem "The Fish," the doctrine of the French symbolist, whose poems are totally different in theme and texture from the American poet's, appeared to me startlingly applicable. Between the opening line, "I caught a tremendous fish" and the next-to-last line, "was rainbow, rainbow, rainbow" (reminiscent of Mallarmé's famous "l'azur, l'azur, l'azur, l'azur"), there is an elaborate and poignant description of a fish held beside the boat and closely examined. Reference is made to its weight, skin, gills, eyes, and especially to the lower lips pierced with five old pieces of fish-line. Then comes in the poem the eloquent silence covering and protecting the heroic life of the fish. The poet looks at the floor of the boat where some oil is spreading a rainbow around the engine. And everything in the boat is immediately transformed into the picture of a rainbow. "And I let the fish go."

With this final line, we realize the silence has worked. We are no longer in the presence of an object with images clustering about it, but in the presence of the poem itself in its totality. . . Even Mallarmé realized that the ideal in poetry is unattainable, because the ideal poem would be totally silent. But he knew and taught that all poetry tends toward this impossibility, toward this contradiction between language and silence.

Miss Bishop's second group of poems, eighteen in number, called *Cold Spring,* forms the second half of the collected *Poems* of 1955. During the ten years between the publication of the two books, she has received serious critical attention and now occupies one of the highest places among American poets of her generation. She has been the recipient of most of the honors which are given to poets today: foundation awards, fellowships, recognition by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. She has served as Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress. Her extensive traveling is reflected in the poems because she continues to write wherever she lives. During the past few years she has been residing in Brazil where, I understand, she is translating from Portuguese poetry.

THERE ARE differences between the two collections of poems. Miss Bishop's quiet wit is a strong element in the early poems. There is less wit in the new poems, but what there is of it is admirable. The poet herself now seems more deeply involved in the poems, each one of which seems stronger, more compact. There is visible in the new poems a growing mastery over language, a freer communication between the poet and the things she observes. In the most notable instances, the poem has become the poet's truth, as it should.

Elizabeth Bishop is a partisan in the world. Her two sonnets on "The Prodigal" evoke the pig sty, the smell, the secret drinking of the lad, and, at the end, his decision to go home. The observation and the intuition in these sonnets are equivalent to partisan action in the world. Again here we have the impression of reading the totality of an existing scene because the poet does not depend solely on words for her expression. Her silences in "The Prodigal" put us into a relationship with the world she describes.

Her language is even more simple and more unmannered than it was in the early poems. It has become more immediate and more direct. The reader is able to become involved on the first reading. The language is a bit more aphoristic, more concise, more energetic. And it is also, I think, more serious, more grave.

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The second poem of the new collection is a good example of Miss Bishop's use of the image. "Over 2000 Illustrations and a Complete Concordance," relates the imaginary voyages of this much traveled poet. As in Baudelaire's "Le Voyage," where children pore over maps and engravings and thus travel throughout the world without budging from the circle of lamp light on their table, the poet turns over without much interest the pictures of the Seven Wonders because they are familiar. She enjoys rather the unfamiliar and the foreign, an Arab, for example, who may be plotting to take the Tomb. Then, as in the Baudelaire poem, we leave the picture book for reminiscences of real travel: Mexico, England, Marrakesh. But the succession of these remembered episodes is tedious. The poet, at the end, returns to the book, and comes upon a picture of the Nativity she had missed as a child or which she had not been able to see in childhood as she can see it now.

The very nature of the poem demands varied images, but the first, "Thus should have been our travels: serious engravable" is the same as the last figure, "and looked and looked our infant sight away." All the others in between receive their authenticity from the prevailing and almost obstinate first image. In composing her poems, Elizabeth Bishop does not use an image as mere ornament or detail or as an attribute of her sensibility. It is the entire poem, manifested so clearly, so transparently, that it ceases being an image in the usual sense.

In some of the poems, in "Faustina, or Rock Roses," for example, and in "Arrival at Santos," there is a strong narrative element, with realistic detail, characterizations and the beginnings of dialogue. These two poems adhere to a strict stanza form and regular meter, but a story unfolds within them, and we remember that Miss Bishop has been publishing short stories from time to time. The short story is a literary form admirably suited to her insights and interests. In the lyric and joyous "Invitation to Miss Marianne Moore," she is a combination of singer, celebrant, portraitist and—it must be said—literary critic!

The style of her early poems, in their grander and more controlled manner, is apparent in the piece, "At the Fishhouses." There is the setting of predilection, in Maine or Cape Breton, with the lobster pots and the big fish tubs and the smell of codfish. There is the impeccable humor in the passage on the seal who was curious about the poet:

> He was interested in music;
> like me a believer in total immersion,
> so I used to sing him Baptist hymns.

There are examples of this poet's remarkably sensitive power of seeing and describing. Finally, there is the resolving of all these elements into a poem when the scene at the fishhouses and the taste of the briny water turn into what they really are.

> It is like what we imagine knowledge to be:
> dark, salt, clear, moving, utterly free,
> drawn from the cold hard mouth
> of the world.

Before concluding this all too rapid survey of Miss Bishop's art, I should like to call attention to a group of poems, called "Four Poems," which are her most personal poems and perhaps the most subtly conceived. They are love poems, but they focus not on the experience of love as much as on "The tumult in the heart." What is transmuted in these poems is only the most delicate kind of allusion: to a conversation, to a rainfall, to wasted minutes at night, to the breathing of the beloved.

These are poems that cannot be questioned, because their sentiment is absolute. They are like mantles for the sentiment, vestments for celebration. The words which compose them are meticulously chosen and resplendent, but they are reserved for what has not been expressed. Elizabeth Bishop knows that poetry is an experience lived by existence itself and by language. It is an experience which tends to reveal the meaning of all things joined together in such a way that each individual thing, after the experience of the poem, appears changed and closer to what it is in reality and to what it is in relationship to everything else. These brief "Four Poems" transmit, I think, this highest kind of poetic experience.

BOOKS

The Prodigal Son on the American Scene

THE DAY THE MONEY STOPPED. By Brendan Gill. Doubleday. $2.95.

By JAMES GREENE

FEW BIBLICAL parables are as popular in America as the story of the prodigal son. But the point of the story as it is used in the Gospel is usually ignored in favor of a more self-righteous reading in which the prodigal "learns his lesson" and returns home. The reason, I suppose, for both the popularity and the misreading of the parable is that thrift is one of the more subtle and pervasive forms of American patriotism.

We live in a bourgeois world and in this country a balanced budget carries scarcely less emotional appeal than Fourth of July oration. Conversely, few things are more offensive to the American temper than prodigality; the spendthrift is neither a cherished type in American life nor a sympathetic figure in our national fiction.

When Brendan Gill, then, chooses a spendthrift, Charlie Morrow, as the hero of his second novel,

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he is certain to run counter to a well-established national prejudice. And when he goes further to make his prodigal the eldest and favorite son of a proper (and properly thrifty) New England lawyer, he sets up an initial tension understandable to every American.

Charlie Morrow is certainly a classic prodigal. When we first meet him he is out of a job, his marriage has failed and he is $12,000 in debt. Moreover, he has a hot check on its way to his bank. For twenty years he has managed to live beyond his means through the indulgence of a rich father.

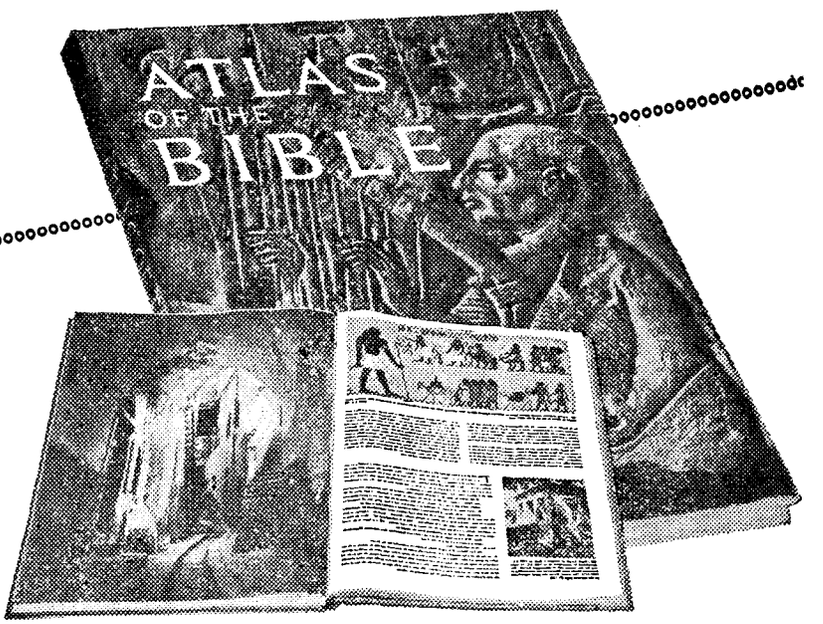
But the day he reads his father's will is, for Charlie, "the day the money stops." His father's large estate is divided between a young, stuffy and eminently proper son, Richard, and a sister who loves both brothers uncritically. These three and Ellen Wells, niece of the dead parent's secretary, are the only characters in the book. But with them Mr. Gill manages to reveal the not-too-respectable Morrow past, to construct through his dialogues a brilliant set of personal histories and bring these to focus on one particular morning.

Some sound reasons for Charlie's prodigality come out. But though this book is ostensibly about money, its real subject is the relation between members of the Morrow family and a unity that manages to transcend individual differences. It is not an easy unity, however, being constantly baffled, thwarted and stymied by money. It is impossible not to see in Charlie Morrow and his brother the universal polarity between the bourgeois mind and what Werner Sombart styled the "erotic" type—between those who view money as an end and those who view it as a means.

That the large sums given him by his father were, without his knowledge, deducted from his inheritance, Charlie cannot understand. He sees it as a betrayal of affection, and denounces the dead man "for using me. For letting me have all that . . . dough under false pretenses. If I wasn't his favorite, he shouldn't have let me have an extra dime. He should have made me steal it, or kill him for it. . ."

Through the course of the few hours covered by the story, Charlie manages to shake the "respectability" of the Morrow house. But he does this without, in his own mind, shaking the unity and affection in that house. The scenes of animosity and recriminations are all held in a family bond that endures. But only Charlie is sufficiently sure of this. If he has not "learned his lesson" as prodigal, neither has he ever doubted that knowledge and love can exist in one heart. In that lesson the others fail. "All these years," he tells them, "I've not only acted rich. I've made the mistake of thinking rich. I've been afraid my creditors would take something real away from me if they turned ugly."

The "reality" of Charlie Morrow is Mr. Gill's accomplishment in this book. It is a reality remote from creditors and hot checks. Gill erects



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it with a style that is clipped and dramatic and he makes his point without sacrificing the subtlety and complexity of his material.

When Charlie Morrow confesses that he's "always been so ready to be rich," he separates himself less from his fellow man than he may think. He is simply not capable of the psychological warp necessary for success in his particular case. But in any event the definitions of "wealth" in this novel expand finally to include even the disinherited.

Concerto and Partita in the Vatican

BACH AND THE HEAVENLY CHOIR. By Johannes Ruber. World Publishing. $3.

By PATRICIA DONEGAN

GENTLY written and quietly told, this book is a charming whimsy, made quite believable by its modern setting. It is the story of an imaginary Pope, sensitive and musical, whose conviction that music can be an expression of holiness leads him to propose the canonization of Johann Sebastian Bach. The author, who obviously writes from a deep appreciation of the subject, has managed to permeate his book with a sense of music. It is not so much the subject as the essence of the story. There is a sunny quality in the descriptive passages and a consistent gentleness, especially in the characterization of Pope Gregory, which seem to express a feeling for the essential goodness of the creative musical form.

Pope Gregory, a Basque, is at heart an artist and feels deeply his inadequacies in the more aggressive activities which are part of his position. However, he sets in motion a secret dream, the canonization of Bach, by inviting one of the most powerful men of the Lutheran church, Bishop Hammerschmied, to have his Hamburg Cantata Society perform in the Sistine chapel. Then, the ice broken, another Easter visit by the Lutheran Bishops is the scene of the Pope's announcement of his intentions. This, of course, causes great consternation in the Vatican, but the Pope proceeds with his project, secure in his belief that God, having created man, also resides in the works of art.

The issue is actually never resolved, since the Pope falls ill after playing a partita at the meeting of the tribunal, and no definite action is taken. However, the effects of Pope Gregory's great tolerance and wisdom are seen in the increased communication and mutual appreciation of the various groups which, in response to the proposed canonization, flock to Rome for the celebration of Bach's works.

Although the story moves along quite calmly and with no very great impetus, the style arouses and maintains real interest. The author has a singular talent for fusing character, setting and a feeling of music, so that each gains richness from the other. The Bishop Hammerschmied, for instance, is identified with the *Fifth Brandenburg Concerto,* and while the sound of it

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fills the room he looks out from a window in Hamburg where "sun and moon both ruled, it is true, but the moon was the one phase the stronger. Those were beautiful nights, yet theirs was a cruel beauty; for when the wintry earth did not have the protective cover of the clouds, the cold stars were to be feared more than the waves of the sea, more than the sand of the desert."

Contrast this with Pope Gregory, who, identified with the partita, is about to play his violin as an irrefutable proof to the Tribunal of Bach's saintliness. "The sun broke through the window. It was midday. Outside it had grown hot; after a few days of rain a late, unexpected summer had come to Rome which on the previous day had celebrated the feast of St. Martin—a St. Martin's summer. The heat had penetrated inside and the air was sultry. Nonetheless, Gregory grasped his instrument and began to play a partita of Johann Sebastian. Again sound and light began their dance; the clear notes became as visible as light; movement, dance became audible in the calm progress of the notes." Gregory is thus constantly identified with sunlight, with summer and with music, and it is thus that he perceives the art; as sunlight and goodness.

There is perhaps more partita than concerto in this book, more emphasis on grace than depth. Some readers might feel that these descriptions would better fit a Mozart, and that the author has missed some of the more passionate and aggressive qualities of the music which he uses as a pivotal force throughout the book. However, it surely will not be difficult to agree with Pope Gregory that music, like love, is part of God's law of creativeness.

Human Roads of Relationship

THE HOUR AFTER WESTERLY. By Robert M. Coates. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

By RILEY HUGHES

IN THE last of the fifteen short stories which make up this book, Mr. Coates breaks off his narrative to place the reader, in the second person, inside the story: "Even in the locality where you are everything is a little indefinite." No such awkward device is necessary for the other stories; the reader is immediately drawn by theme or atmosphere into much more than a little indefiniteness—he is placed in the heart of hallucination.

For whatever is going on above the surface in these stories, the dislocation between sensibilities and external event is their true subject. Davis Harwell's "lost hour" between Providence and West Haven in the title story is symbolic of the opacity Mr. Coates finds in the web of our days. He informs us carefully of Harwell's route by car from Providence (turn left on Winter Street, out Broad toward Elmwood Avenue), and in another story he offers the information that it takes eleven motions to button a button. But this is the real question (as it is, for example, for Charlie Ballentine, suspending himself "along the tight-rope of his own frail ego"): Who am I? And who are the others?

The Boston Post Road is sure, but human roads of relationship are devious indeed. In "A Friendly Game of Cards" the villainous looking Colonel is not a card shark but really a Colonel. In "Accident at the Inn" victim and villain are also interchangeable. The heroes of one's lost, remembered childhood turn out to be pathetic and shabby in retrospect. And Chuck Cormoran, who pulls a fake, jocular holdup; Donald Acton, who walks onto Mount Olympus on a New England hunting trip; and Walter Kettrick, who "hears" people's thoughts, live on a more perilous plane than the uneasy slopes of childhood: they inhabit nightmare. The odd thing is that terror is worn in these stories like an accustomed garment; alienation is familiar and, on the whole, friendly. For all their obsession with (always) the problem of identity and (at times) the dissolving mind, these stories taken singly are not too taut to relax with. Perhaps therein lies the final twist of terror.

REVIEWERS

James Greene is an editor of the *Atomic Industrial Forum*.

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Then and Now

The Commonweal down through the years has concerned itself intensely with the problems of education here in the United States.

One answer is supplied in *The Meaning of a Liberal Education*, a book by Everett Dean Martin. "The modern attempt to educate everyone really educates hardly anyone," says our author. "The public school imparts a certain elementary instruction—in eight or ten years about as much as a normally intelligent youth could master in two years if he set his mind to it. The task of giving instruction to the youth of an entire community is so great that thoroughness is almost impossible." This answer is worth quoting because so many people agree with it. A great variety of—we came near saying almost any—hard-worked instructors or teachers are ready to tell you that about the only thing school life succeeds in doing for the modern American community is to enable it to read the news about "Charlie" Chaplin and "Peaches" Browning, or to get the point of those very subtle jokes that make musical comedy an excellent box-office proposition. We do not accomplish any more because our definition of education is so primitive, so much a matter of utilities and conventions, that it does not include more.

But, it seems to us, this pessimism—the natural fruit of daily contact with immature minds and the rigamarole of standardization—leaves out of consideration a most important circumstance. Ideas, views of life, points of view expressed inside the academic boundaries do have an effect far more lasting than any accumulation of facts. It is these things which, in the depths of their souls, the 1,000,000 hopeful Americans are after. They do not want to know how to think, they never will want to know how to think. They are out to be told what ought to be thought. How many of them actually find the end of the rainbow is another matter. But they learn some sort of an intellectual schedule in the same way in which they gather the essentials of Emily Post, and during the rest of their lives conduct is governed accordingly. It is, therefore, not so unimportant as many people seem to imagine that there be a Catholic mind, alert and inquisitive, to take its share in the task of American education.

—The Commonweal, January 26, 1927.

As the youth of America returned to its classrooms this fall, over the little red schoolhouse and the ivy-mantled college towers alike there hung the ominous cloud of educational mediocrity in the fact that, in this present school year, millions of children will be cheated of the first-class education they should have. . . .

There is, of course, no simple solution to a problem which is both vast and complex, and which varies, even if ever so slightly, from region to region and city to city. But certainly one answer, and a fundamental one, is that the nation's schools need more money if our educational slums are to be kept from spreading. For many, if not most, communities this will mean governmental help, and a Federal school construction bill is urgently needed.

There is need, too, across the nation for a rise in the level of teachers' salaries. They constitute one of the few occupational groups whose real earnings have actually declined since 1940—a fact which both helps explain the present teacher shortage and makes clear the dedication of those teachers who are serving community after community far better than its apathy and indifference deserve.

But money alone, of course, will not solve our educational problems. It could correct the shortage of school buildings and help alleviate the shortage of teachers, but the nation has reached the point where it must also think imaginatively and even experimentally about the educational process. Even if, for example, half of this country's college graduates each year were to enter the field of elementary and high school teaching, the demand for teachers over the next decade would just be met. The use of television in the classroom and the employment of teacher's aids are indicative of the new directions which our educational thinking must take. In short, it is only by direct, even bold, actions now that this nation can do justice to its youth.

—The Commonweal, October 5, 1956

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